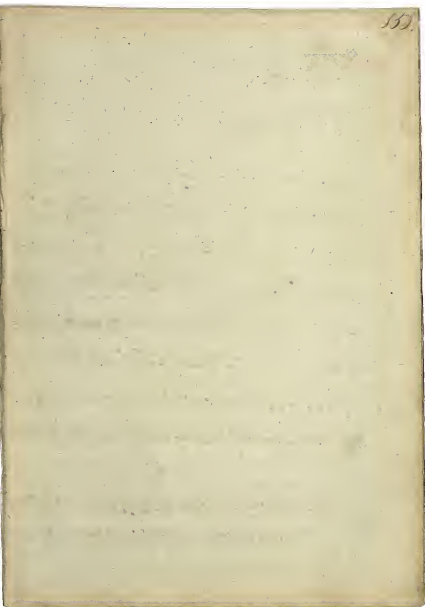




All in the Downs or Sweet William's Farewell To Black Ey'd Susan

Harmoniz'd by F. IRELAND.

Price /6

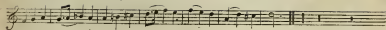
All in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd; the Streamers waving
All in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd; the Streamers waving

in the Wind; when blackey'd Susan came on board, O where shall
in the Wind; when black-ey'd Susan came on board, O where shall

I my true love find? tell me ye jovial Sail, ora tell me true?
I my true love find? tell me ye jovial Sail, ora tell me true?

does my sweet William does my sweet William fail a-mong your Crew?
does my sweet William does my sweet William fail a-mong your Crew?

M^r Leveridge's Tune.



(2)

William who high upon the yard,
 Ruck'd with the Billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well known voice he heard
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below:
 The Cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing bands,
 And quick as Lightning on the Deck he stands.

(3)

So the sweet Lark high poisd in Air,
 Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,
 (If chance his Mates shrill call he hear)
 And drops at once into her Nest.
 The Noblest Captain in the British Fleet,
 Might envy William's Lips those Kisses sweet.

(4)

O Sufan, Sufan Lovely Dear
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling Tear
 We only part to meet again,
 Change as ye Eft, ye winds my heart shall be
 The Sunfall Compass that still points to thee.

(5)

The Boatwain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their Swelling Bosom spread,
 No longer mast She stey aboard;
 They Kiss'd, She sigh'd, He hung his Head.
 Her lefs'ning Boat, unwilling rows to Land;
 Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her Lilly Hand.

(6)

Believe not what the Land men say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
 They'll tell thee Sailors when away
 In every Port a Mistress find.
 Yea, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wherefo'er I go.

(6)

If to far India Coast we sail,
 Thy Eyes are seen in Diamonds bright,
 Thy Breath is Africk's spicy Gale,
 Thy Skin is Ivory so white
 Thus every beauteous Object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some Charms of Lovely Suf.

(7)

Though Battle calls me from thy Arms,
 Let not my pretty Sufan moorn;
 Though Canons roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his Dear return.
 Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly
 Let precious Tears should drop from Sufan's Eye.

For the Guitar or German Flute.

All in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd, the Steamers was - ing in
 wind, when black ey'd Sa - fan came on board, O where shall I my true love
 find? tell me ye jo - vial Sail - ors shall me true? does my sweet William
 still my sweet William sail a - mong our Crew?

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